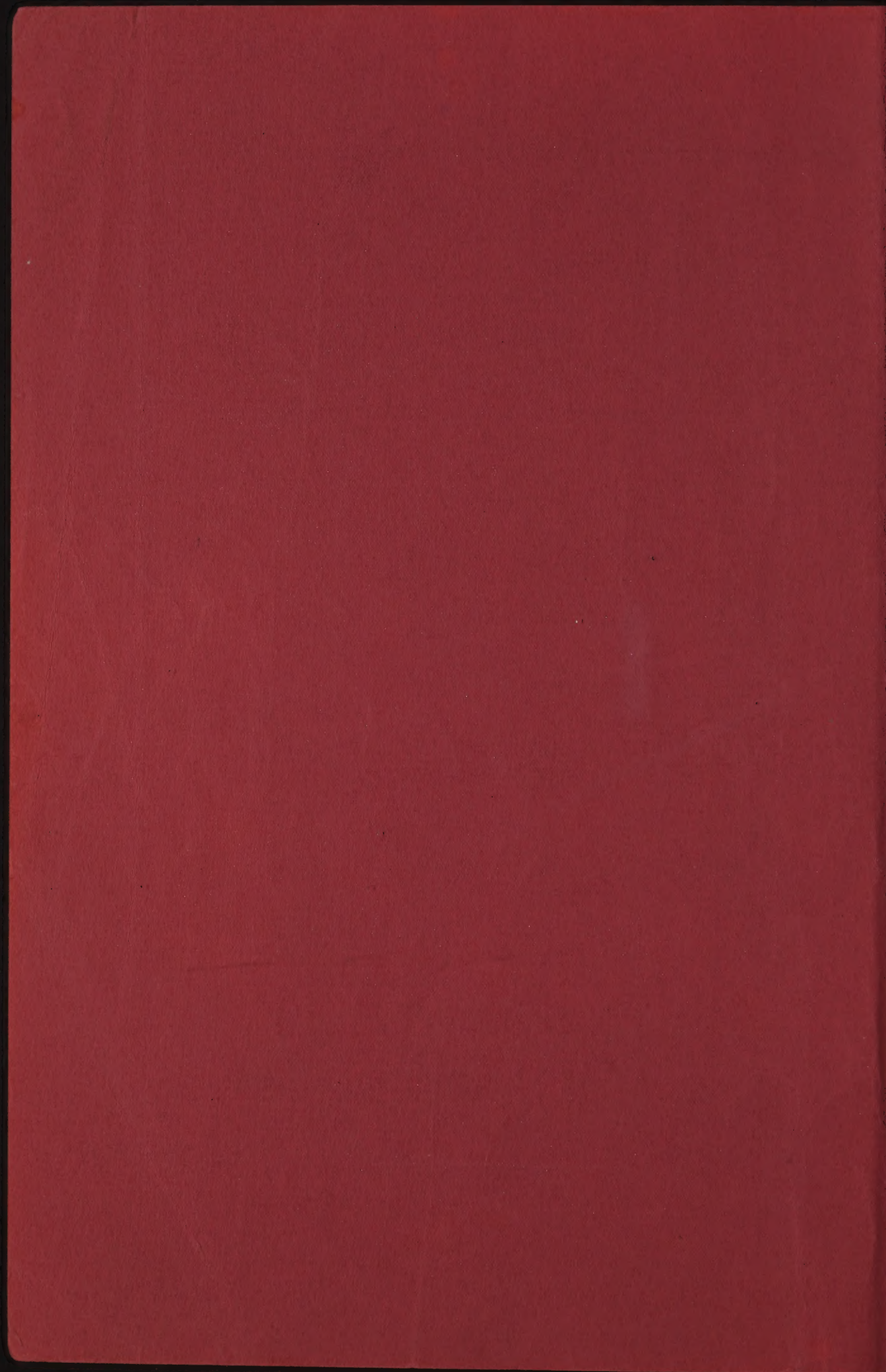


March 31, 1939

Edith Taylor
Harmony
Maine

Freshman
Class





841
 3.00
 79.11
 10.50
 89.61
 7.00
 96.61

96.61

96.61

Skowhegan Buick Co.

SALES and SERVICE

Skowhegan

Tel. 211

Maine

E. B. Reed & Co.

Dealers in

La Grande and Snow Flour

Groceries

Ball Band Rubbers

Hardware

Roofings

Sporting Goods

Harmony

Tel. 7-11

Maine

DRY CLEANING
 AND PRESSING

Laundry Work of All Kinds

White Star Laundry

Pittsfield

Maine

A. R. Burton, Agent

Hartland

Maine

Compliments of

Dr. A. S. Appleby

Dentist

Skowhegan

Maine

W. H. Moore & Son

Lumber, Building Materials, Millwork, Contracting
Venetian Blinds

Hartland

Telephone 59-31

Maine

D. E. DOWNES, '21

Manufacturer of
Wood and Plaster Novelties
Picture Framing

Harmony

Maine

EXPERT OPERATORS

Permanents \$1.95 to \$7.50

Hair Cut—Beauty Aids 35c

Thrifty Permanent Wave Shop

Phone 574

7 Island Ave.

Skowhegan, Maine

The Howard Electrical Service

F. W. HOWARD

Radio Maintenance—Repairing—Accessories
House Wiring—Appliance Repairing

Phone 196

Dexter

Tel. Office

Harmony

Ramsay & Gates Co.

Dealers in all kinds of
Furniture, Floor Coverings, and Draperies
Funeral Service

Dexter

Maine

School Directory

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

Mr. E. A. Pattee

SCHOOL BOARD

Mr. M. L. Bemis Mr. D. F. Downs
Mr. R. H. Marble

FACULTY

Mr. Morris Austin, Principal
Math. I—II, Math. III—IV, History III,
General Science I, and Physics IV
Miss Margaret Prince
English IV, French I, French II
Latin I, Latin II, and History I
Mrs. Grace Brown
Economics IV, English I, English II
English III and World History II

CLASS OFFICERS

Class of 1938

President	Myrtie Foss
Vice President	Freida Fowlie
Secretary	Eleanor Lombard
Treasurer	Norma Sinclair

Class of 1939

President	Anna Rowell
Vice President	Carl Watson
Secretary	Doris Lane
Treasurer	Paul Herrick

Class of 1940

President	Pauline Deering
Vice President	Barbara Carr
Secretary and Treasurer	Dorothy Deering

Class of 1941

President	Rodney Ricker
Vice President	Corine Crosby
Secretary and Treasurer	Myrtle Fowlie

STUDENT COUNCIL

President	Freida Fowlie, '38
Vice President	Myrtie Foss, '38
Secretary	Barbara Carr, '40
Treasurer	Paul Herrick, '39

"FERGUSON" EDITORIAL BOARD

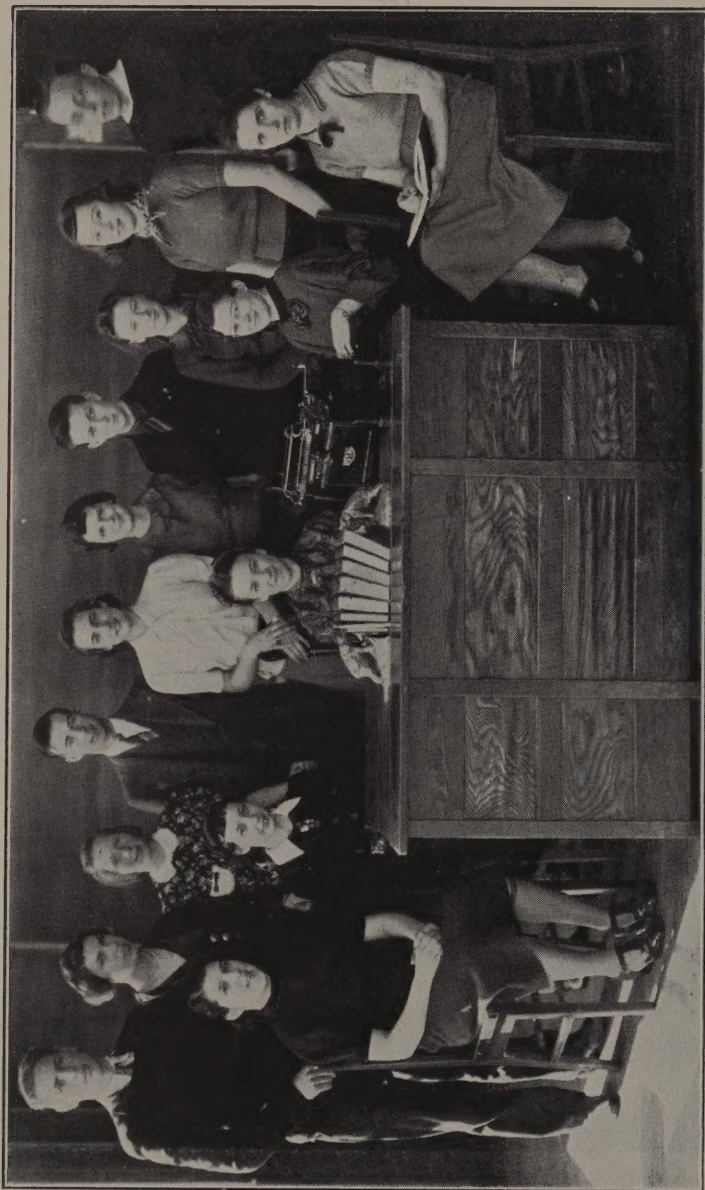
Editor-in-chief	Freida Fowlie, '38
Assistant Editor	Pearle Carle, '39
Literary Editor	Norma Sinclair, '38
Personal Editors	Freida Fowlie, '38 and Myrtie Foss, '38
Joke Editors	Pauline Deering, '40 and Norman Willis, '40
Local Editor	Rita Marble, '39
Girls' Athletic Editor	Ada Foss, '40
Boys' Athletic Editor	Curtis Lombard, '39
Alumni Editor	Eleanor Lombard, '38
Business Manager	Paul Herrick, '39
Assistant Manager	Carl Watson, '39
Freshman Class Editor	Marjorie Fox, '41
Sophomore Class Editor	Barbara Carr, '40
Junior Class Editor	Rita Marble, '39
Senior Class Editor	Myrtie Foss, '38
Faculty Assistant	Miss Prince

BASKETBALL

Coach	Mr. Morris Austin
Boys' Captain	Manson Taylor, '39
Boys' Manager	Paul Herrick, '39
Girls' Captain	Eleanor Lombard, '38
Girls' Manager	Myrtie Foss, '38

BASEBALL

Captain	Manson Taylor, '39
Manager	Elwood Cooley, '40
Coach	Mr. Austin



EDITORIAL BOARD

Seated, R. to L.: F. Fowlie, Editor-in-Chief, Senior Personal Editor; P. Carle, Assistant Editor; M. Foss, Senior Class Editor, Senior Personal Editor; R. Marble, Local Editor, Junior Class Editor; P. Deering, Joke Editor.

Standing: C. Watson, Assistant Business Manager; B. Carr, Sophomore Class Editor; A. Foss, Girls' Athletic Editor; N. Willis, Joke Editor; N. Sinclair, Literary Editor; Miss Prince, Faculty Assistant; P. Herrick, Business Manager; M. Fox, Freshman Class Editor; E. Lombard, Alumnae Editor; C. Lombard, Boys' Athletic Editor.



Dedication

We respectfully dedicate
this issue of
The Ferguson
to

Miss Margaret M. Prince
in appreciation of her many
acts of kindness, friendliness,
and devotion to the students of
Harmony High School

Literary

PICKING ROCKS—BUILDING A CATHEDRAL

How often we have thrown down our pen in disgust, or closed our textbook in dismay, at a question put before us by a most unreasonable teacher, or at least we picture her as such! How often we have thought, perhaps, enviously, of our older sister or of a friend of ours who is either working after having graduated, or who is even already married.

"I'm tired of studying physics", we complain as we think of missing the newest movie. And all just for the sake of getting a more vivid idea of how molecules bounce around in a clam chowder!

"I hate economics," we scold, not understanding why we should be concerned with the reasons for the numerous bank failures which occurred during the last depression.

If we would only put aside our books for five minutes, and consider the fact that we are not merely studying physics or economics but, that we are cultivating knowledge, enriching our minds, we would not feel so dependent.

"I'm tired of picking rocks," sulked the P. W. A. worker, looking wearily at the pile of rocks which appeared to be the object of his disgust.

"Isn't it wonderful?" queried his fellow worker, "I'm helping build a cathedral," this he added with a smile, as he looked up toward the blue sky above, and saw the men working on a building high above him.

Don't you believe that every student belongs to either one or the other of these classes of workers? That every student is either **picking rocks** or **building a cathedral**?

And so, fellow students, let us all put forth every bit of our ambition into our work and give that cathedral such a firm foundation that it may stand secure for many years to come.

—F. M. F., '38

HONEST JIMMIE

In a large tenement house in one of our big cities lived a little boy with his mother and sister. The family was poor, for when

their father died he left them no money. So Jimmie, who was only nine years old, had to go out on the streets to earn what he could, selling papers. He had a hard time of it, and had to undergo many hardships.

One day while he was doing this, a boy somewhat older than himself came and snatched his papers and ran away. Jimmie was so surprised he never thought of chasing the boy and when he did think of it he knew it wouldn't have done any good as the boy was undoubtedly a bully.

"Well, Mother must not know about this," thought Jimmie. "I'll get some money to take home or I won't go."

Just as he said this two figures dashed past him and something fell heavily to the sidewalk. It was dark but Jimmie concluded that the two men must have been ruffians. After they were out of sight his eyes wandered to the object on the sidewalk. He stooped down and picked up a large box. On opening it, he saw that it was filled with money.

"Must be that some bank has been robbed," he said aloud. "I guess I'll investigate and see." He got on a street car and went up into the gayer part of the city where he visited the banks. The third one proved to be the one robbed. There was great excitement when Jimmie went in. Standing near the door was an officer. Jimmie asked him if he could see the bank president as he had something for him. The officer didn't see the box for Jimmie had it under his jacket.

"Well, come on," he said gruffly. "Follow me."

Jimmie was led into the office.

"Here is a boy who wants to see you," said the officer.

"Yes, I have your money," said Jimmy as he took out the box and handed it to the president. Then he explained how he happened to have it.

"What's your name?" asked the president.

"Jimmie Sanders," he replied.

"What! Tom Sanders' boy? My! Let me have a good look at you," and he boosted Jimmie to his desk. "Do you know who I am?" he continued.

"No," said Jimmie.

"Haven't you ever heard your mother talk about Uncle Jim?"

"You can't be Uncle Jim, can you?" asked the surprised Jimmie. "Why don't you ever come to see us?"

"Why, I never knew where you lived and don't now, my dear boy. Here, Sam," he called to a young man who had just come in. "Take charge here. I'm off for the night." Turning to Jimmie he said, "Come on, let's go to see your mother."

When the two entered Jimmie's home, both his mother and sister were surprised.

"Why, Uncle Jim," said Jimmie's mother eagerly, "Where on earth have you been these last eight years?"

"Nearly everywhere," he replied. "I've tried and tried to find you, but you've kept yourself hidden pretty well," and he laughed.

"Well, we are together at last," said the happy Mrs. Sanders.

"Yes, and we are going to stay so," echoed her brother-in-law.

"Tomorrow you must come to my house. My wife is an invalid and I know you'll like her. She wants a companion and I know you'll suit. Meanwhile Jimmie and Jane can continue school."

"How do you like that, curleytop?" he asked, swinging Jane in his arms.

"Fine and dandy," she replied, "And to think if Jimmie hadn't brought that box of money to you, I never would have found you. Oh, I am so happy!"

—Victoria Downs, '39

A BAD MISTAKE

One afternoon while one of the young men of our community was taking a stroll for his health, he was swide-swiped by a skidding automobile. He struggled to his feet and shouted for the sheriff, but it was too late, for the car was out of sight and he had not got the number. The sheriff searched the village for the car but it was nowhere to be found.

That night, after he had wobbled home, he prepared to tell his wife what had happened when suddenly to his surprise, his wife said, "Say, John, do you know that I ran into an old tramp this afternoon?"

"Well," replied John, "I don't mind having you run into me, but I do hate to be called a tramp."

—Carl Watson, '39

"WHAT A NIGHT"

Alan Merrill had just moved into a new neighborhood where all the houses were alike. On the second night of his stay he decided he would go to the movies. He went to the last show, for he had work which had delayed him.

After the movies, he took a street car to his block. When he arrived he jumped off the car and went up to a house that looked like his. He reached in his pocket for a key, only to discover he had forgotten it.

"Now how will I get in?" he muttered, "I'll see if any of the windows are open."

The first window he tried was unlocked. He pushed it up, climbed in and slammed it down. Then he started across the room.

"Who's there?" shrieked a woman's voice.

"Who are you?" asked Alan.

"That's the question I'd like to ask you," snapped the voice, and in a second Alan felt something thrust into his back.

"Put your hands up. Move back so I can put on the light, and don't turn around or else—"

As the light flashed on, Alan looked into the mirror across the room and saw an old maid with a stick which she was poking into his back. He turned around and laughed. The old maid looked horrified. She darted across the room and in doing so lost her slipper. Alan picked it up, but saw she was reaching for the phone. Unconsciously he crammed the slipper into his pocket and rushed over to stop her.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I'm going to call the police," she said.

"Oh, no, you're not. We can settle this matter between ourselves right now."

"Well, you get right out of my house," shouted the old maid.

She opened the outside door and talked so convincingly and so rapidly that Alan thought he'd better leave.

He found himself on the street. He looked up at the next house, and he looked at the next house, and the next, and the next.

"Why, they're all alike, how can I tell which is mine? I'd hate to try all the houses and get another reception like I just had."

He thought a moment.

"Well, I'll try this next house," he decided.

Luckily it was his. When he took off his overcoat he felt something bulging in his pocket. He put in his hand and pulled out the old maid's slipper.

—Rita Marble, '39

ALWAYS LATE

Little Joe Match was twenty-six years old and always late. Never in all his twenty-six years could he remember of ever being on time. Once when he was twenty-two he had fallen in love with a girl, but before he got around to "pop the question" somebody else saved him the trouble and now that same girl was living across the street with her husband and two children.

Finally, his new girl friend, Sally Reed, deciding that he was never going to propose, did him a good turn by asking him to marry her. Because Joe was ready, but just hadn't got around to say so, he assented.

Then, came the wedding day. Sally Reed was at the church waiting. The old ladies had just begun to nudge each other and ask suspiciously, "Has Sally lost another man?" (for she was thirty years old and already had made eyes at every bachelor in town).

But when the minister had nodded for half an hour in the pulpit and Sally had begun to think she might be an old maid after all, in walked Joe. Just think of the picture he must have made. Only five feet tall and his suit about four sizes too big. Nevertheless, if you were as frightened of the prospect of spinsterhood as was Sally Reed, you, too, would have welcomed Joe Match, suit and all.

When Joe had heard around town how anxious Sally was to be married, he had decided that he did not want to get married after all. But when he saw Sally's mother, he didn't dare back out. Now up to the altar he was marching to take his medicine like a man. The audience couldn't help but smile at the way the couple looked, Sally trying to look shy and towering a good six inches over Joe's head.

After the ceremony Joe and Sally went to the little house that Sally's mother had finished arranging the day before. (Joe had thought it quite hard on the pocket book). About half an hour later a moving van was parked in Joe's driveway. Joe went to the door.

Coming up the walk were Sally's mother and father, her grandmother and two of Sally's brothers. Her grandmother was carrying a parrot in a cage.

"What, a visit?" Joe sighed, wondering if they would all stay to supper.

"Just got news that the mortgage down home was due. When they moved us out I had

them move us right down here—knew you wouldn't mind." Sally's mother explained, smiling at Joe's bewilderment.

"And people think I'm slow," Joe said, wiping the sweat from his forehead. "Maybe I am, but if there's another man in town who can acquire a family as quick as I did this one, I'll eat my straw hat! Imagine it! A family of five and a parrot all in half an hour. That's better than the Dionnes, for mine are all grown up. Imagine it!" he finished, breathlessly.

"Imagine it," echoed the parrot.

M. A. F., '38

DAMSELS IN DISTRESS

Walter Dinsey with his two college pals were out sailing in the "Queen" on the south seas.

Walter was a young, good looking boy with black wavy hair. He had a perfect set of white teeth, the envy of his pals.

Ted Barlow, nineteen, a year younger than Walter, was tall and blonde. He was a "good sport", and he looked so much like the movie star, "Gene Raymond" that he was often called by that name.

Harry Lamson was short and plump. He had a good, jolly nature and was always thinking of new things to do. His greatest "weakness" was "redheads." He desired a red-headed mate very much.

The three boys were inseparable chums. They wanted to get married at the same time and go on their honeymoons together, but as yet they had not found any girls who suited them.

"Hey Ted, look at that, will you?" yelled Walter, handing the telescope over to his chum. "See anything?"

Ted looked and remarked, "All I see are islands here and there."

"Well, you nut, look at that smaller island over west and see if you can see anything."

"Oh, yes, it looks like some flag or signal. Steer closer, Harry, so we can see what it says."

They anchored about a half mile from the island and Ted looked through the telescope again. "By Gee! It says 'Damsels in Distress.' Now how many do you suppose there are?"

As if in answer, three girls came in sight and pointed to the yacht.

"Lower the long boat," said Walter, "and we'll pay them a visit."

It didn't take long to row in and when they reached the beach they hauled the boat upon the sand to await results.

As the three girls came up to the boys they stopped and stared.

"Um, um, aren't they peaches?" said Ted.

"Really we were never informed of this fact before. I assure you if we are, we are not very sweet," said the smallest girl with a defiant toss of her red locks.

"Oh, no offense meant," said Harry, as Ted blushed and stepped backward. "How did you three girls happen to get here?"

"Oh, we were carried here by the waves," said the one with blonde curls.

"Well, you boys take us to your yacht and I'll tell you the story," said the other girl.

When they reached the yacht they went into the cabin to hear the story.

"First, I'll tell you our names if you'd care to know," said the black headed damsel. "The red head is Ada Brown; the blonde is Rita Osberg; and I'm Betty Clark. The three of us live in Albany, New York. Three days ago, as we were sailing on the "Lady Mary" a storm came up and lightning wrecked the ship. We had disobeyed orders and were on deck during the storm. A wave washed us overboard. The water was so rough we couldn't swim. We had given up to die when a larger wave washed us on this island. The storm abated toward morning. We found some fruit and coconuts on which we lived for almost two days. For a wonder we saw no wild animals, and I guess that's all," said Betty, out of breath.

"It's enough, if you ask me," said Walter. "Your folks must be worried. We'll have to wire them."

They reached Albany in a few months. A week afterwards they had a triple wedding and hired a private yacht for a trip around the world on their honeymoon.

—D. M. L., '39

WELCOME HOME

The sun sank slowly to rest behind the canyon, leaving a dull red glow in the sky. Across the uplands and down a narrow trail rode a lone figure. It was a girl, astride a small black horse. She made a beautiful picture in the dusk of approaching night.

Her thick golden hair was streaming in the wind, and the love light of the West gleamed in her soft, gray eyes as she raised them in

joyous thanksgiving to the setting sun. What a gorgeous home coming for a wanderer, she thought. A wanderer who had not been home for four years. Four long years at one of the most exclusive colleges in the East, and every minute she had longed for the "wide open spaces" and the excitements of God's country.

Marjorie Evans was born and grew up on a large western ranch. Her mother died when she was small and she had grown to know and love the ways of the big, bluff ranchman and the cowboys.

At the age of sixteen her father decided that it was time she acquired an education and so he sent her to college.

Her four years at College were over and she was returning home. She had arrived at the Silver Creek station that noon and instead of waiting for her father to come after her, she hired a horse and was riding, once more, over the old familiar trail.

As the dusk deepened into twilight and the moon came out behind the canyon, Marjorie spurred her horse on faster. Just one more hill to climb and she would see the large ranch in the valley. But what was the reddish glow which spread over the western sky? Was it the glow of the rising moon? She swiftly guided her horse over the hill, and her eyes widened in terror at the sight that met her gaze.

For a moment she was speechless, for it seemed that the whole ranch house was on fire. After scanning the scene before her for a moment, she could see that it was the bunk house on the lower side of the ranch house that was afire. She knew that she must warn the ranchers quickly or the whole ranch would be in a blaze. Queer that no one at the ranch had seen it.

She urged her horse into a run. Faster and faster she went. Her steed was surefooted and she soon reached the gates of the ranch. At the coral she leaped nimbly from her mount, and ran toward the bunk house, after stopping to dip her jacket in a small pool nearby. She slashed and beat at the flames in a determined effort to gain the inside of the building where a fire extinguisher was always kept.

The smoke blinded and choked her while the flames burnt cruel blisters into her flesh. Oh! If only someone would come to help her. She could not breathe, her throat was dry and parched, and the smoke hurt her nostrils. She seemed to be sinking into endless space.

She dimly remembered that the extinguisher was hung on the wall just inside the door. She could no longer see and she felt that her lungs would burst. She groped blindly for the desired object and found it not. It was gone. Her senses reeled and she imagined herself falling off into that mass of fire. Had she come home only to leave again for that land of eternity?

From a long distance she heard voices. Would they reach her in time? She felt herself falling, falling—and then strong arms bore her away.

Marjorie woke up to find herself in a world of darkness. Her face was swathed in bandages and for many days she had lain quite still.

The house had been hushed and quiet. Her father wondered if his property had been saved only with the loss of his daughter. However, on the fifth day she returned to consciousness and the doctor removed the bandages from her eyes. He proclaimed that her eyes were not seriously injured and he told her that she would probably be able to leave her bed in a fortnight. Her father's tears fell upon her cheek. And so thought Marjorie as she was closing her eyes sleepily, "All's well that ends well."

—Marvis Cooley, '41

Poems

MY SCHOOLMATES

What would I do if they were not here?
Without them where would I be?
I'd be just an empty row boat,
Drifting along life's sea.

Our friendship ties will never be broken,
We're pals both tried and true.
And ever so we will remain
All of life's journey through.

No one will even know how much
These friendships mean to me.
Something calls me back to them
No matter where I may be.

Pals when we were tiny tots,
Playing with our dolls,
Sharing with each other
Our triumphs and our falls.

Into our school years we went,
Taking our tests together,
Ready to stand by each other's side
No matter what the weather.

And pals in later years we'll be,
Whatever be our fate.
I'd rather be without a cent
Than be without schoolmates.

—Marilyn Buker, '40

A HAVEN

A tired old man walked slowly along,
On a road that was crooked and cold,
And wondered if somewhere there was not a
place,
For a man so lonesome and old.

He had not a friend in this world so forlorn,
The snow piled deep on the ground,
But slowly he trudged to some destined end,
Not thinking—not making a sound.

He rounded a corner where he saw a bright
light,
And a mansion, so large and so fine.
"Oh, there is shelter," he cried, "Where I
might
Get some bread and then rest for a time."

"We have no room here," the rich man
explained,
"For tramps who are hungry or cold."
So closing the door in the face of the man,
He returned to his pleasures and gold.

Discouraged and saddened the man left in
dismay
But on down the road his feet seemed to be
led.
In a tiny dwelling ahead, he saw a beaming
light.
Thought he, "Perhaps there, someone may
give me a bed."

"Come in, you poor fellow, you're hungry and
cold,"
Said a gracious old lady, opening the door.
"Although our house may not be very large
We often do find room for one more."

Some people have big hearts, though empty
and cold,
Like the man who had millions in store,
But it's best like the cottage, so tiny and
warm,
Where you always have room for one more.
—Myrtie Foss, '38

IT'S WINTER

It's cold and growing colder,
For winter now is here.
The days are growing shorter,
And daylight is more dear.

The birds have really left us,
The ground is white with snow.
The ponds are frozen over
And skating we want to go.

Now, really, can you tell me
Of a boy or girl in town,
Who really dreads the winter
And meets it with a frown?

I knew you couldn't do it;
There's not a soul who can.
As winter is a friend to all,
There is lots of time to spend.

—A. Foss, '40

VERSION OF SCHOOL

Oh, early in the morning,
At exactly half-past eight,
There's a rush by every student,
Except a few who're late.

It's time to take our places
And woe now if we don't!!
For here comes Mr. Austin
To scold us if we won't.

At last all things are quiet,
And classes have begun;
First we have Mathematics
And also lots of fun!

The second period comes along
To history and Mrs. Brown.
Just stand outside and listen,
You'll never hear a sound.

A short recess we are allowed,
We're all a noisy bunch,
Then we go to English Class,
And after that to lunch.

The period after noon-time
We study for a while,
And then we go to French class
Where we're always greeted with a smile.

Finally it is all over,
The bell at last has rung.
Our school day now is finished,
And we can have some fun.
W. Knowles, '40

TIME FOR TEA

The kettle sits upon the stove
Singing merry airs;
I select the choicest dishes
And then arrange the chairs.

I spread the tablecloth
That is of brightest hue,
And bring in a tray of goodies.
Then I long for you.

You have wandered far away
But back you never came;
And, as long as you're not here;
Home Sweet Home can never be the same.
—N. E. S., '38

NIGHT

When the night comes creeping
Out over the light,
And birds start sleeping,
It's a beautiful sight.

When the stars begin to twinkle,
And the frogs start to peep,
Then all good boys and girls
Should go to sleep.
—Kenneth Watson, '40

NEXT YEAR

I've come to the end of another year,
A new one's about to begin,
It hasn't been such a bad year after all,
My trials seem distant and dim.

I'll try to forget all the troubles I had,
Just remember the pleasures—the fun,
There's nothing to gain by recalling what's
gone,
Let me think of this year that's to come.

If a friend is in trouble, I'll give her my aid,
And always, I'll try not to fail;
For when she needs me I'll plan to be there,
To help her along up the trail.

—M. R. F., '41

PHYSICS

Physics isn't very hard,
But still it's not much fun.
When we have problems to work out,
I miss most every one.

I forget my definitions.
Have to look them up each day,
Though I try hard to remember them
In a thousand different ways.

Specific heat is just the same
As gravity to me.
If I hadn't taken physics
Oh, how happy I'd be!
—C. N. L., '39

TO THE UNDERGRADUATES

As we leave high school, undergraduates,
We leave you all our books and rusty pens,
And Freshmen, though you doubt our word,
we long
To be back in your places once again.

Of course, we've had our troubles and our
trials,
And lessons have at times been hard to learn,
Though once we wondered if school was
worthwhile,
To be a Freshman once again we Seniors
yearn.

—BY THE SENIORS

SPRING IS HERE

Give a cheer for good old spring,
Best season of the year,
When the grass again starts growing,
And we hear the birds so dear.

When it makes our young hearts gladden
Makes us thankful we're alive;
When we climb upon the spring board
To take a daring dive.

So let's give another cheer for spring.
And birds and flowers as well,
If it wasn't for the spring time,
What we'd do—I cannot tell.
—D. Deering, '40

MISCHIEVOUS

Oh, little boy or girl, what did you do
To make your parents scold you so today?
Did you put water into grandma's shoe,
Or throw your playmate's pretty ball away?

Perhaps you kicked your little brother, Joe,
Or took your sister's bracelet from her arm
No, doubt you thought, if mother did not know
You'd have some fun—You did not think of
harm!

—P. E. H., '39

FRIENDSHIP'S TRAIL

Have you been to the town called Friendship,
Where people are always glad,
Where there's never a bit of Hatred,
Or anything else that's bad?

In the gardens, the flowers are Happiness,
Planted in soil called Smiles,
And Love is the gardener who keeps the folks
Contented all of the while.

There's no room for Gossip in Friendship,
And no room for Lies to slip in.
Ner do stray stories dare to approach it,
For they'd have no chance to begin.

When you go to that peaceful village,
And all of the people you meet,
You'll never return to the outside world,
Full of Wickedness and Deceit.

So come, do not stop to wander,
I am sure if you start, you won't fail
To enjoy every bit of the journey,
Long Friendship's Golden Trail.

—Anon.

REUNION

Down from a tree blew a tiny leaf,
Down from a tall birch tree.
"Oh, goodness!" she thought as she reached
the ground,
"What will become of me?"

She lay there a moment and looked around,
And wondered with anxiety
Just what in the world would happen to her,
And where her twin sister could be.

In just a wee moment, along came the wind,
And caught the leaf up in his arms,
And then she was flying along o'er the trees,
The meadows, the brooks, and the farms.

Not once did he stop, till 'twas fast growing
dark,
And the wind, who was now sleepy, too,
Dropped the little leaf, and when she looked
around,
Her surroundings were different and new.

"My sister!" she cried as she spied her small
twin.

Thus up to each other they crept,
And after telling the tale of how each had
arrived,
Together they lay down and slept.

—Anon.

THE TORTOISE AND THE RACE HORSE

Don't call the tortoise a slow poke
Because he can't go fast;
He gets along as best he can
And reaches his goal at last.

A race horse would be as slow as he,
As well as tired and bent,
If a stable he were to carry
On his back wherever he went!

—Eleanor Libby, '40



Seniors

MYRTIE ANNE FOSS

"Mifty"

"Dare her to do it, and it's done."

Born July 31, 1921

Harmony, Maine

Ever since we started High School "Mifty" has always been the life of our class. She never had much chance to take part in the activities at first because she lived so far away, but "Mifty" certainly made up for it, once she moved down town. She is by far the best looking girl in our class, but she has no use, whatever, for the boys here at school. However, we're not so sure about some other fellows because everybody knows that she is very fond of attending dances.

She has no definite plans for the future, but whatever she undertakes, we know she will succeed.

Bonne Chance, Mifty.

Student Council 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Class Secretary; Class President 2, 3, 4; Vice President of Student Council 4; Basketball Manager 4; Hazel Hawkins in "Simple Simon Simple" 4; Mrs. Sarah Todd in "Miss Tilly's Chair" 4; Personal Editor of Ferguson 4; Class Editor 4; Second Honor.

FREIDA MAE FOWLIE

"Freida"

"So witty and so wise"

Born October 5, 1921

Harmony, Maine

Freida is our leader in everything. Whether having a role in a play, taking the part of a committee chairman, or working on the "Ferguson," she is always there ready to help. Writing poetry for her is only a pastime. She is the most studious girl of our class, but we wonder if preparing assignments takes all her time.

We understand that Freida never intends to let dismal weather effect her happiness for there will always be one Ray of sunshine to make her face light up with smiles.

In whatever she may do we wish her the best of luck, always.

Class Editor 1, 3; Mrs. Woodruff in "The Red Headed Stepchild"; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Class Secretary 2; Student Council 1, 2, 3, 4; President of Student Council 4; Vice President of Class 3, 4; Mademoiselle Margot in "The ? Crime" 2; Billy Edwards in "Aunt Hetty" 2; Sophie Simple in "Simple Simon Simple" 4; Miss Tilly Simpson in "Miss Tilly's Chair" 4; Assistant Editor in Chief of Ferguson 3; Editor in Chief of Ferguson 4; Personal Editor of Ferguson 4; Valedictory.

ELEANOR LOUISE LOMBARD

"Sis"

"Constant as the Northern Star"

Born January 7, 1920

Harmony, Maine

"Sis" has always been the tomboy of our class, but even that helped her playing basketball. She's always willing to lend each and everyone a helping hand.

Somehow she seems to have taken a special interest in lumbering lately. We wonder if it isn't because of a certain fellow who is in the lumber business in Guilford.

Are you sure he won't change your mind about going to college, "Sis"?

Student Council 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball Captain 4; Joke Editor 3; Alumnae Editor 4; Class Secretary 4; Lucille Christie in "The Red Headed Stepchild" 1; Nana Lontex in "The ? Crime" 2; Minerva Webb in "Simple Simon Simple" 4; Clara Simpson in "Miss Tilly's Chair" 4; Salutatory.

NORMA ELLECTTA SINCLAIR

"Nummy"

"She speaketh not and yet there lies a conversation in her eyes"

Born May 24, 1921

Wellington, Maine

One hundred and fifteen pounds of giggles, that's Norma. She has always spent more time gazing shyly at some boy than she ever has studying. Nevertheless, when the rank cards come out, Norma invariably seems to have had her share of A's. Norma plans to attend business college a little later, but she has no plans for the immediate future.

Bonne fortuna, Norma, you deserve it.

Student Council 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Treasurer 4; Toots Parker in "Aunt Hetty" 2; Local Editor 3; Literary Editor 4; Sally Ann in "Simple Simon Simple" 4; Mrs. Richard Bennerin in "Miss Tilly's Chair" 4; First Honor.





"SIMPLE SIMON SIMPLE"

Seated, L. to R.: Norman Willis; Myrtie Foss; Curtis Lombard; Freida Fowlie; Carl Small.
Standing: Coach, Miss Prince; Anna Rowell; Paul Herrick; Norma Sinclair; Eleanor Lombard.



STUDENT COUNCIL

Seated, L. to R.: B. Carr, Secretary; F. Fowlie, President; M. Foss, Vice President; N. Sinclair.
Standing: M. Fowlie; M. Taylor; P. Deering; P. Herrick, Treasurer; A. Rowell; C. Watson; E. Lombard.

Activities

FRESHMAN RECEPTION

The first event of the school year was the Freshman Reception given by the Sophomore Class on September 24, 1937 at Harmony Grange Hall. The Freshmen were required to do "stunts" and the fun was enjoyed by all. After the program a social was held and refreshments were on sale.

HIGH SCHOOL FAIR

The High School Fair was given at Harmony Grange Hall on October 12, 1937. Candy, hot dogs, canned goods and vegetables were on sale. The grab bag and fortune telling booth attracted much attention. A social was also held.

MAGAZINE CONTEST

At the beginning of the year a magazine selling contest was held between the boys and girls, for the purpose of raising money to purchase basketball suits. The Business Manager was Frieda Fowlie. The Captain of the girls' team was Pauline Deering and the Captain of the boys' team was Paul Herrick. Profits of \$28.00 were received and the boys, as winners, were treated to all the ice cream they could eat.

SENIOR PLAY

The Senior Play, "Simple Simon Simple," coached by Miss Prince, was given on October 26, 1937, at the Harmony Grange Hall with cast as follows:

Simple Simon, an inventor	Curtis Lombard
Sophie Simple, his wife	Freida Fowlie
Stella Simple, his daughter	Agnes Cuddy
Sammy Simple, his son	Paul Herrick
Sally Ann, maid at the Simple's	Norma Sinclair
Minerva Webb, who boards at the Simple's	Eleanor Lombard
Hazel Hawkins, Sammy's fiancée	Myrtie Foss
Thankful Barlow, who runs the Hotel Elite	Carl Small
Elwood Elkins, just back from the city	Norman Willis
Dorothea Ducksworth, from the city	Anna Rowell
Business Manager	Rita Marble, '39
Business Committee:	Doris Lane, '39; Violet

Cromwell, '39, and Dorothy Carr, '39. Lillian Mullen, '40 acted as prompter. This play was a huge success and many people attended. A dance was held after the play and refreshments were sold.

JUNIOR AND SENIOR PARTY

A Junior and Senior Party was held at the High School on the evening of November 23, 1937. As the results of a ticket selling contest between two sides, the losing side had to give a party to the winning side. Games were played and ice cream and cake were served.

PURCHASE OF SUITS

Basketball suits were purchased for both boys and girls from Dakin's Sporting Goods Co., of Waterville.

RECEPTION FOR MR. CHRISTIE

A farewell reception for Mr. Christie, our Principal, was held at Harmony High School on November 25, 1937. Many students, friends and townspeople were present. We were all very sorry to learn that he was leaving. Mr. and Mrs. Christie received many gifts. A program under the direction of Eleanor Lombard was given and refreshments were served.

CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

On the evening of December 16, 1937 a Christmas Program and tree was enjoyed at Harmony High School. The program directed by Mrs. Brown, was as follows:

Piano Solo	Dorothy Carr
Song by chorus	
"Far from the Xmas Crowd"	Play by Juniors
Song by Girls	
"A Can Opener Xmas"	Play by Freshmen
Piano solo	Robert Brown
Recitation	Pearle Carle
Music	Rodney Ricker
"Good Will Toward Women"	Play by Sophomores
Song by girls	
"Xmas Without Patsy"	Play by Juniors
Song	Pearl Carle

VALENTINE BOX SOCIAL

A Valentine Box Social was held at Harmony High School on February 11, 1938. A large number attended and joined in the games after the auctioneering of the boxes.



SOPHOMORE AND JUNIOR PRIZE SPEAKING

Seated, L. to R.: Norman Willis, '40; Ada Foss, '40; Paul Herrick, '39; Victoria Downes, '39; Elden Perkins, '40.
 Standing: Arlene Chadbourne, '40; Lillian Mullen, '40; Merle Sinclair, '39; Violet Cromwell, '39; Elwood Cooley, '40; Anna Rowell, '39; Rita Marble, '39.



"MOON SHY"

Seated, L. to R.: V. LaGross; M. Fox; C. Crosby; M. Fowlie; M. Cooley.
 Standing: E. Libby; M. Giggey; R. Ricker; Coach, Miss Prince; R. Fox; M. Hatch; V. Olson.

PRIZE SPEAKING

A Prize Speaking contest was given at Harmony Grange Hall on February 18, 1938. There were twelve contestants, six juniors and six sophomores. The program was as follows:

Sophomores

"Talkative Tilly"	Ada Foss
"My Little Man"	Lillian Mullen
"Tommy's Prayer"	Arlene Chadbourne
"Don't Die on Third"	Elwood Cooley
"Unknown"	Elden Perkins
"Billings of 49"	Norman Willis

Juniors

"Antonio Opens his Eyes"	Victoria Downs
"The Fading Roses"	Anna Rowell
"Danny's Little Tin Soldier"	Violet Cromwell
"My Last Duchess"	Merle Sinclair
"River Mouth Rocks"	Paul Herrick

Winners from the Sophomore class were Ada Foss and Elden Perkins. Winners from the Junior class were Victoria Downs and Paul Herrick. The contest was well attended.

FRESHMAN PLAY

"Moon Shy," a three act comedy, was presented March fourth by the Freshmen with Miss Prince as their director.

A fair crowd attended. Afterwards a dance was held and refreshments were sold. Marilyn Buker received the prize for girls and Clyde Bemis for boys. All profits from the play were given by the class to the school funds.

JUNIOR PLAY

"Aunt Tillie Goes to Town" coached by Mrs. Brown and to be presented by the Junior Class will be given sometime during April.

STUDENT COUNCIL PLAY

"The Marlenburg Necklace," a mystery in three acts, is to be presented May 17. The play will be coached by Miss Prince and the cast will be made up of members of the Sophomore Class.

BACCALAUREATE SERVICE

Baccalaureate Service for the graduates will be held Sunday evening, June 5, 1938, at the Baptist Church. You are invited to attend.

SENIOR BALL

You are cordially invited to attend the Senior Ball given on Wednesday evening, June 8, 1938, at Harmony Grange Hall. The hall will be decorated for the occasion and good music will be furnished.

GRADUATION

Graduation exercises will be held on June 10, 1938, at Harmony Grange Hall. Seats will be reserved for those receiving invitations from the members of the Senior class. Room for all will be provided.

Rita Marble '39

Local Editor

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The girls' basketball squad started practicing in November, with Mr. Donald Christie, as their coach. After a few practices with Mr. Christie, our new principal, Mr. Morris Austin, took charge of basketball.

Three players were lost last year by graduation, but there were enough substitutes to take their places.

The girls received some very attractive new suits, consisting of royal blue shorts and white shirts embossed with royal blue letters.

The line-up of the first team was as follows: Captain, E. Lombard, S. C.; Manager, M. Foss, L. G.; P. Deering, L. F.; V. Downs, R. G.; R. Marble, R. F.; D. Deering, L. G.; V. Cromwell, C.

Barbara Carr did excellent work as a substitute. Others who were on the squad are the following: W. Johnson, M. Buker, A. Rowell and A. Foss.

The first game of the season with the alumnae was a complete victory for the High School.

We played several other games throughout the season. At a few of these games we were able to give the victory yell.

To finish the basketball season we played an exciting game against the boys.

Two players will be lost by graduation this year.

The Season's Record

Dec. 3—H. H. S.	16	Alumnae	15
Dec. 10—H. H. S.	8	Alumnae	6
Dec. 17—H. H. S.	18	Greenville	12
Jan. 11—H. H. S.	6	Solon	8
Jan. 28—H. H. S.	18	Skowhegan	23
Feb. 2—H. H. S.	24	Solon	12
Feb. 4—H. H. S.	7	Sangerville	8
Feb. 8—H. H. S.	17	Sangerville	25
Feb. 15—H. H. S.	20	Greenville	31
Feb. 23—H. H. S.	7	Hartland	52
Feb. 25—H. H. S. Girls, 18 H. H. S. Boys,	32		

The girls of the basketball squad wish to thank Mr. Austin for his time and effort in coaching our team.

Good luck, girls!

Ada Foss, '40



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Seated, L. to R.: R. Marble; P. Deering; E. Lombard; V. Cromwell; D. Deering; M. Foss.
 Standing: A. Rowell; V. Downes; Coach, Mr. Austin; B. Carr; M. Buker.



"AUNT TILLY GOES TO TOWN"

Seated, L. to R.: H. Risker, Lucinda Talbot; R. Marble, Pamela Marsh; C. Lombard, Elles Nulard; V. Cromwell, Tilly Trask; A. Rowell, Mrs. Tilly Tucker; P. Carle, Lizzie Parsons.
 Standing: C. Watson, Mervin Tucker; C. Small, Comedian; P. Herrick, Ronald Howland; M. Taylor, Luther Lorrimer; M. Sinclair, Charlie One Lung; Mrs. Brown, Coach.



BOYS' BASKETBALL

Seated, L. to R.: C. Watson; N. Willis; K. Watson; E. Cooley; R. Fox.
 Standing: Coach Austin; M. Taylor; P. Herrick; C. Small; C. Lombard; R. McPherson.

When school opened last fall, the prospects for a basketball team were only fair.

Without losing any players the previous year the team had great encouragement.

The team secured new suits nearly like their old suits. Red shorts with red and white shirts.

Soon after school started, Manson Taylor and Paul Herrick were elected as Captain and Manager respectively. Besides these two veterans of the previous season, there were Ray McPherson, Carl Small, Curtis Lombard, Elwood Cooley, who played. There were others went out for basketball but didn't have the chance to play in games.

The season's schedule:

	H. H. S. Opp.		
Dec. 3	Alumni vs. High School	14	10
Dec. 10	Solon at Harmony (canceled)		
Dec. 10	Town team vs. High School	36	16
Dec. 17	Greenville at Harmony	16	36
Jan. 11	Solon at Harmony	26	12
Jan. 28	Skowhegan at Harmony	33	16
Feb. 2	Harmony at Solon	17	22
Feb. 4	Harmony at Sangerville	14	45
Feb. 8	Sangerville at Harmony	38	44

Feb. 15	Harmony at Greenville	33	54
Feb. 22	Harmony at Hartland	10	74
Feb. 25	High girls vs. High boys	32	12

269 341

Although the team was not so successful, all players enjoyed the season and the members of the team had an opportunity to meet some very nice fellows from the opponents' teams.

The personal record:

	Field Goals	Foul Goals	Total
R. McPherson, R. F.	52	6	110
C. Lombard, L. F.	11	5	27
M. Taylor, C.	49	11	109
C. Small, R. G.	3	2	8
P. Herrick, L. G.	2	1	5
E. Cooley, (sub.)	3	0	6
K. Watson, (sub.)	1	0	2
N. Willis, (sub.)	0	0	0
R. Fox, (sub.)	0	0	0

269

Opponents' Total 341

Good luck next year, boys!

Curtis Lombard, '39

In Memoriam

Harlan William Folsom

The untimely death of our schoolmate, Harlan, came to us as a personal grief, and as a true friend and gentleman he will long be remembered by the students of Harmony High School.

"Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far into the silent land;
When you no more can hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad."

Personalities

A LADIES' MAN—CARL SMALL

Every nite when there's a dance
You'll always find a boy;
We know him by the name of Carl,
And girls are his only joy.

Oh, he's a ladies' man all right,
Dressed up in a blue serge suit.
The girls are crazy over him
This you cannot dispute.

At him the girls all roll their eyes
And try, Carl to enhance,
But he just walks on looking shy,
Because he doesn't dance.

"OUR PROFESSOR"

We've got a funny principal,
He's stern as he can be.
And every time I whisper,
It seems he catches me.

Of course you know I'm not real bad,
But when I break a rule
He writes my name down, then he says,
"Miss Carr, stay after school."

He wears big, dark rimmed glasses,
Away down on his nose,
But where he got such antique "specs,"
No one seems to know.

—Anon

THE JUNIORS

Here's to the class of Juniors,
Who go to Harmony High,
Although right now, we're school kids,
We'll all change by and by.

In our class there are poets,
Singers, and athletes,
For when it comes to basketball,
The Juniors can't be beat.

My little poem, I surely hope,
Will not be misunderstood,
I don't mean to be bragging,
Though we think we're pretty good.
Carl Watson '39

The elements were so mixed in him that
Nature might say to all the world, "This is a
man."

Elwood Cooley

"I judge by actions, not mere words."
Clyde Bemis

"The civilization of every nation, depends
on education."

Eleanor Lombard

THE SENIOR CLASS

This is the story of four Senior girls
Who make up the whole Senior class;
I'm going to give a description
Of each intelligent lass.

The first one I choose is Freida,
She's very dainty and neat,
And although she likes her studies
Ray Chadbourne the school does beat.

The next on my list is Norma—
A quiet and shy little girl,
But if you should watch her in physics
class,
You'd find her flirting with Merle.

And now, number three on my list
Is a girl, Myrtie Foss, by name,
Although she'd be professional,
Her dancing will some day bring fame.

Eleanor Lombard, is last but not least,
She's jolly, she's fun, she's gay—
For boys she likes Manson Taylor;
For a pastime, clogging they say.

And now, my story is ended;
To each girl I'll say "adieu",
My best wishes are with you always,
Good luck to each one of you.
Norman Willis '40

Oh, everybody wonders,
But no one seems to know,
The reason Norma Sinclair
Never has a beau.

"Not at the top, but climbing."
Merle Sinclair

"He who hesitates is lost."
Myrtie Foss

"If you wish a secret kept, keep it."
Faylene Herrick

"She was a mutual friend of all."
Barbara Carr

"The flowers nodded to her as she passed."
Pauline Deering

"Deeds show what we are;
Words, what we should be."
Elden Perkins

"If you have nothing to say, say it."
Dorothy Deering

"He is a boy of truth and veracity."

Norman Willis

"O World, I cannot hold thee close enough."

Curtis Lombard

"What an angelic disposition she has."

Arlene Chadbourne

"Her chief interest in life is good books."

Freida Fowlie

"What stamps a man as great is not freedom from faults, but abundance of powers."

Vaughn Olson

His Philosophy of Life!

"There is no one born but has to die."

Richard Fox

MR. AUSTIN

Our principal, Mr. Austin, is quite a tall man, He treats us all alike and helps us all he can. He's rather good looking with a sly sort of smile,

When he tells you to get busy, you stay busy for a while.

He has a sweet voice and kind looking eyes When he catches us in mischief, we feel anything but wise.

We all think of him with very high esteem; He's the one that coached our basketball team, He's a good coach, and very good at that; Do you think he's got discipline? Just let him give you a bat.

You can't get by him with a grin and a bluff, Because he's a man who certainly knows his stuff.

—P. Deering, '40

"What fools these mortals be!"

Marjorie Fox

"We study that we may learn."

Wilma Johnson

"Granted that I fail, the effort, itself, is worthwhile."

Beulah McPherson

"Since youth is precious, do not squander it."

Ada Foss

"As long as there is life, there is hope."

Marjorie Giggey

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Clyde Bemis

"The pensive man never loses himself in crowds."

Everett Libby

"I am monarch of all I survey,

My right there is none to dispute."

Mr. Austin

"Fine Art is that in which the hand, head and heart go together."

Pearl Carle

"He was like the cock who thought the sun had risen to hear him crow."

Paul Herrick

"And still they gazed and still their wonder grew,

That one small head could carry all she knew."

Miss Prince

"I strove with none, for none was worth my strife."

Rodney Ricker

"I warmed both hands before the fire of life."

Rita Marble

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What shall I do?

I've lost my beau and lip stick, too."

Chloe Lombard

"He feeds his friends on bowls of sunshine."

Kenneth Watson

"Wit is a dangerous weapon."

Carl Watson

"Ambition often over leaps itself."

Lillian Mullen

"Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man."

Carl Small

"The world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

Myrtle Fowlie

"Who to himself is law, no law doth need, Offends no law, and is a king indeed."

Marilyn Hatch

MISS PRINCE

Miss Prince, our French teacher, sure is a peach,

There's nothing in French that she can't teach; She may be slender and look very small, But when it comes to teaching French, she beats them all.

Some of us may think she's an awful crank, When she hands us some very low rank, But believe me you get just what you deserve; When she's feeling good, you get a little in reserve.

When we have to stay after school for an hour or two,

Do we do good the next day? You can just bet we do.

You can't help liking her, for she's really a dear,

We all surely hope she'll be with us next year.

—P. Deering, '40

Jokes

Service

Slow Waiter: "This coffee is imported from Brazil."

Tired Customer: "Oh, so that's where you have been."

Making Him Feel at Home

Austin: "Do you serve crabs here?"

Waiter: "Sure thing, serve anyone, sit down."

He Must Be Liberal

Norma: "Is your new boy friend progressive?"

Eleanor: "It's hard to say. He wears last year's clothes, drives this year's car, and lives on next year's salary."

Private

A little boy was saying his go-to-bed prayers in a very low voice.

"I can't hear you, dear," his mother whispered.

"Wasn't talking to you," the small one answered, firmly.

Inference

Austin (getting a shave): "Barber, will you please give me a glass of water?"

Ivan Leighton: "What is the matter? Something in your throat?"

Austin: "No—I want to see if my neck leaks."

Young lawyer: "You say you recognized my face?"

Young woman: "Yes, I saw it on a salmon can, you poor fish."

Freida and her mother are conversing.

Freida: "Mother, can you tell me why the modern wedding ring is so much thinner than our grandmothers'?"

Mother: "Sure! In grandmother's day they were made to last a lifetime."

Manson: "What is etiquette?"

Curtis: "It's saying, 'No, thank you,' when you want to holler, 'gimme'."

Judge: "Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

Prisoner (not hearing): "I beg pardon."

Boss: "You have a tendency to let things slide."

Young man: "Yes, I play the trombone."

Young minister: "Do you think they approved of my sermon yesterday?"

His wife: "Yes, I think so! They were all nodding their heads."

The owner of the store, Mr. Stone, is speaking to one of his hired help. Mr. Stone: "James, look here!"

James: "Yes, sir."

Mr. Stone: "Why don't you pull down those sun curtains?"

James: "Don't you know the goods in the window are guaranteed not to fade?"

A mother speaking to her son. "Dickie, do I actually see you playing with your soldiers on Sunday?"

Dickie: "Oh, that's all right, mama. This is the Salvation Army."

Mother: "Violet, what do we need for dinner?"

Violet: "Please, mother, I've tripped over the rug and we need a new set of dishes."

He Knows

Anna: "Call for me at eight sharp."

Erland: "O. K. What time will you be ready?"

R. Fox: "Can you type?"

E. Libbey: "Yes, I use the Columbus system."

R. Fox: "What's that?"

E. Libby: "I discover the key then land upon it."

Some Reach

Captain: "Have you cleaned the deck and polished the brass?"

Sailor: "Yes, sir, and I've swept the horizon with my telescope."

Brown: "Don't you think puppy love is absurd?"

Austin: "Yes. Just two silly."

Traveler: "Where does this road go?"

Richard MacCarthy: "It doesn't go anywhere's. It stays right where it is."

C. Watson: "I saw a horse down the road with a broken leg. Don't you usually kill a horse with a broken-leg?"

C. Small: "No, I usually kill mine with a shotgun."

Clyde Bemis: "Why don't you fix the hole in your roof?"

R. Ricker: "Because it is raining."

Clyde Bemis: "Well, why don't you fix it when it ain't raining?"

R. Ricker: "Because when it don't rain it don't leak."

Mr. Austin (to class): "Work this sum. 2 eggs, five cents each, a pint of milk, six cents a pint, a half pound of sugar at ten cents a half pound. What do they make to-gether?"

M. Buker: "A custard."

Ralph Brown: "I woke up last night and found someone going through my pockets."

M. Bemis: "Did you shoot?"

Ralph Brown: "No, do you think I want to be a widower?"

Richard (watching wife in kitchen): "What is it this time, darling—bread or cake?"

Miss Prince: "I don't know, dear, it isn't finished yet."

Danny: "I pity the man you get for a husband."

Beulah: "Why, Danny, I thought you didn't believe in self pity."

Mr. Austin to Miss Foss (who was in the wrong seat): "Miss Foss, is that your seat?"

Miss Foss: "No sir, it belongs to the town."

Mrs. Brown reading the important news of the day.

Mrs. Brown: "The exploding of the German air ship, you all know the cause of that, don't you?"

Student: "Yes."

Mrs. Brown: "The reelection of the president."

Student: "I don't see the cause of that."

Sargent to Elwood (on rifle range): "This bullet will penetrate through two feet of wood so remember to keep your head down."

Upsetting

Norman to Elwood: "What did the cow give today?"

Elwood: "Nine quarts and one kick."

Dody: "What's a doublet?"

Violet: "A pair of corsets."

Mrs. Brown: "If the President, Vice President and cabinet should die, who would have the job?"

C. Bemis: "The undertaker of course."

Dossy: "I'm going to have a hair cut."

Rita: "Why don't you have them all cut?"

Mrs. Brown: "Give the principal parts of the verb BREAK."

Ada: "Break, broke, busted."

Miss Prince: "I'll have a toasted cheese sandwich."

Dumb Waitress: "On toast?"

Miss Prince: "No, bring it on horseback."

Norman: "Let me feel your pulse."

Marilyn: "Oh, Norman that's the way they all begin."

Dossy: "What-cho growing a mustache for, Paul?"

Paul: "So I can tell when the wind is blowing."

Manson: "The more I look at you, dear, the more beautiful you seem."

Dody (expectantly): "Yes?"

Manson (brutally): "I ought to look at you oftener."

Dotty: "I thought you and Dody weren't speaking."

Beulah: "Oh, yes, we are now. I wanted to find out what Barbara told her about me."

Elwood: "Isn't it strange! My best ideas come to me while I am washing my hands."

Kenneth W. "Say, old man, why don't you take a bath?"

Tourist: "Can I get a room for three?"

Hotel Clerk: "Have you a reservation, sir?"

Tourist (indignantly): "Do I look like an Indian?"

Myrtle's father: "I'll teach you to make love to my daughter, young man."

Carl: "I wish you would, sir. I'm not making much headway."

Joe: "If I had known you were so extravagant I would never have married you."

Marilyn: "If I hadn't been, father would never have let you."

Joint Action

Lawrence Bailey: "I've been thinking, my son, of retiring next year and leaving the business to you."

Chet: "There is no hurry, Dad. You go ahead and work a few years more and then we can retire together."

Too High

Curtis L.: "Can you stand on your head?"

Manson T.: "Nope, it's too high."

Best Wishes

Angry Employer (to Irishman who insisted on leaving his service): "Well, goodbye Pat, and bad luck to you."

Pat: "Good luck to you, sir, and may neither of us be right."

No Friend of His

"Do you remember the old saying, 'a friend in need is a friend indeed'?"

"Yes, Stranger."

Gratified

Cannibal: "We've just captured an actor."

Chief: "Great. I've been wishing for a good ham sandwich."

Correct

Mr. Austin: "Give me the definition of a square, Perkins."

Perkins: "A square is a quadrilateral with all sides equal and the angles are right angles."

Mr. Austin: "Correct. Now give the same for a rhombus."

Perkins (after a slight hesitation): "A rhombus is a square pushed over."

A Fixture

Paul was at Solon on a basketball trip.

Paul: "Haven't I seen your face some place else before?"

Strange girl: "No, it has always been where it is now."

A Sour Puss

Mother to teacher of dramatic expression:

"How is my son, Manson, doing?"

Teacher: "Oh, he's one of my best scowlers."

Reversed

"Yes," said the great man, "I woke up one morning and found myself famous."

"It was slightly different with me," sighed the other. "I found myself famous and then I woke up."

Bill: "Barbara, you have teeth like pearls."

Barbara: "You brute! Are you hinting that I have a mouth like an oyster?"

Grocer Cooley: "So my little pal was kept after school. What for?"

Orland: "I didn't remember where the Himalayas were."

Grocer Cooley: "Then it served you right. Why don't you remember where you put things?"

Comfort

Miss Prince in Restaurant: "Why don't you shoo your flies?"

Chef: "Well, you see it is hot today, so I thought I would let them run around barefooted."

Find Another Neighbor

Neighbor: "Did I bring your lawn mower back last month?"

Indignant Householder: "No, you did not."

Neighbor: "Now what'll I do? I wanted to borrow it again."

In and Out

Office Boy (To Employer): "Mr. Bailey, outside, wants to see the Junior Partner."

Junior Partner: "Not in; I owe him five dollars."

Senior Partner: "Show him in; he owes me ten dollars."

A Heavy Eater

Kenneth W.: "I was so hungry that the moment I got in I began eating the tables."

Norman W.: "Do you expect us to believe that? What sort of tables?"

Kenneth W.: "Why, vege-tables, of course."

Quick Change

Richard F.: "Yes, I'll lend you ten dollars if you don't keep it too long."

Everett L.: "I promise I'll spend it right away."

Double Quick

"Is Carl Small so fast a runner as they say?"

"Indeed! He's so fast the others have to run twice as fast as he does to keep up with him."

Clyde Bemis: "If you had five dollars in your pocket, what would you think?"

Elwood Cooley: "I'd think I had somebody's else's pants."

No Fooling

Mechanics Prof.: "Name a great time saver."

Sophomore: "Love at first sight."

Alumni

Class of 1937

Hattie Ricker is at home in Harmony.

Lucille Taylor is taking a beauty course in Bangor.

Vida Taylor (nee Fowlie) is living in Guilford.

Jennie Lake (nee Fowlie) is living in Harmony.

George Chadbourne is at home in Harmony.

Vaughn Giggey is at home in Harmony.

Caroline Deering is at home in Harmony.

Charles Rowell is at home in Harmony.

Erland Cobb is training in the Army at Fort Devens, Ayer, Massachusetts.

Class of 1936

Phyllis Webber (nee Bailey) is living in Dexter.

Minnie West is living at home in Harmony.

Clara Cromwell is at home in Harmony.

Muriel Stevens is working at New Canaan, Connecticut.

Ida Fox is training in Arlington Heights Sanitarium, Massachusetts.

Ruth Herrick is employed in the office of the store of A. M. Bailey & Son, Harmony.

Walter Dyer is employed in a Show Shop in Bangor.

Myron Reed is working in the Amoco Filling Station in Skowhegan.

Anson Snowden is in the C. C. C. Camp at Princeton, Maine.

Lindon Brown is in the C. C. C. Camp at Princeton, Maine.

Edward Spaulding is at home in Wellington.

Class of 1935

Ida McLaughlin is attending the Sargent School of Physical Education in Boston, Massachusetts.

Helen Nason is attending the Gorham State Normal in Gorham, Maine.

Emma Longfellow is working in Skowhegan.

Rita Willis is employed by Bartlett's Woolen Mill in Harmony.

Ashley Rowell is at home in Harmony.

Evangeline Morecroft is employed in Portland, Maine.

Virginia Downs is in Portland, Maine.

Eleanor Huff (nee Campbell) is living in Wellington.

Robert Johnson is employed by the Whiting Milk Company in Harmony.

Effie Gourley (nee Chadbourne) is living in Kingsbury.

Avis Gourley (nee Bowdoin) is living in Kingsbury.

Barbara Foss is employed at Harmony Hosiery Company.

Lauriston Cooley is employed in Bartlett's Woolen Mill, Harmony.

Walter Raleigh is at home in Lubec, Maine.

Class of 1934

Samuel Herrick is at home in Harmony.

Helen Fowlie is at home in Harmony.

Madeline Eldridge (nee Jenkins) is living in Wellington.

Joseph Libby is attending Gordon College in Boston, Massachusetts.

Norma Pooler (nee Ricker) is living in Mayfield.

Marguerite Olson (nee Annis) is employed in Bartlett's Woolen Mill, Harmony.

Helen Laughton is training as a nurse in Portland, Maine.

Henry Ricker is married and is living in Skowhegan.

Ervin Keddy is employed at Moose River Moccasin Company, Old Town.

Reuel Reed is married and living in Dixfield.

Class of 1933

Howard Sinclair is married and is living in Wellington.

Wilma Braley is teaching in Cambridge.

Maple Downs is teaching the first and second grades in the village school at Harmony.

Clarence Herrick is at home in Harmony.

Harry Raleigh is at home in Lubec, Maine.

Kenneth Reed is at home in Harmony.

Charles Whittaker at last report was at home in St. John, N. B.

Ray Chadbourne is working for A. M. Bailey and Son, Harmony.

Alice Cobb is employed at Effie's Beauty Shop in Skowhegan.

Robert Parsons is living in Providence, R. I.

Class of 1932

Catherine Laughton, Colby, '36, is teaching in Hartland.

Marita Sinclair (deceased).

Evelyn Lewis is married and lives in Guilford.

William Fowlie is married and living in Pittsfield. He is employed in the Pittsfield Shoe Company, Pittsfield, Maine.

Mary Sinclair (nee Jenkins) is living in Wellington.

Vernal Chadbourne is married and living in Old Town.

James Huff is at home in Mainstream.
Iva Greenleaf (nee Cromwell) is living in Skowhegan.

Jennie O'Donnell (nee Giggey) is living in Bangor.

Richard Mason is married and living in Wellington.

Frank Linnell is at home in Mainstream.

Marshall Folsom is at home in Harmony.

Class of 1931

Decma Bean (nee Scribner) is living in Bingham.

Francis Deering is working in Bangor.

Sadie Bane (nee Snowden) is living in Ripley.

Clarissa Carson (nee Chadbourne) is living in New Canaan, Connecticut.

Louise Stineford is at home in St. Albans.

Phillip Herrick is at home in Harmony.

Laverna Kimball (nee Cooley) is living in Harmony.

Julian Rawding is married and living in Harmony.

Class of 1930

Thomas Farrin is married and is living in Brighton.

Hildreth Hanson is attending Normal School at Machias, Maine.

Louise Johnson is at home in Harmony.

Bernice Lewis

Reba Folsom (nee Libby) is living in Harmony.

Minnie Davis (nee Pease) is living in Corinna.

Raymond Parson is married and is employed in Auburn.

Marble Reed is in business with his father in Harmony.

Iva Robinson (nee Ward) is living in Millis, Massachusetts.

Roger Williams, U. of M. '34, is in Danville, Virginia.

Richard Marble is living at home in Harmony.

Class of 1929

Mr. and Mrs. Leland Libby (Audrey Annis) are living in Freeport, Maine.

Eleanor Bane is teaching in Cornville.

Walter Brown is employed as an accountant with the Waldorf chain of restaurants in Boston.

Frederick Curtis is wireless operator on a ship between Boston and Norfolk, Virginia.

Donald Dunton is living in Pittsfield, Maine.

Kenneth Folsom is married and is living in Harmony.

Augusta Hayden is in Skowhegan.

Mildred Cookman (nee Irwin) is living in Manchester, N. H.

Donald Micue is in California.

Roy Nickerson is living in Brooks.

Floyd Robinson is married and is living in Millis, Massachusetts.

Lindon Rooks is in a C. C. C. Camp at Bar Harbor.

Fannie Drake (nee Spiers) is employed in the Harmony Hosiery Company.

Veniene Laughton (nee West) is living in Ripley.

Hazel Snowden is employed in the office of Dr. C. J. Taylor, Bangor.

Class of 1928

Janet Knight (nee Bowdoin) is living in Harmony.

Arnold Jenkins is married and is living in Massachusetts.

Arlene Washburn (nee Bussell) is living in Solon.

John Cilley is married and lives in Candia, N. H.

Edrie Cooley is employed in the Woolen Mill in Penecook, N. H.

Darrell Dunton is working in the Lancey House in Pittsfield.

Ruth Campbell (nee Goundry) is living in Blanchard.

Olene Irwin (deceased).

Paul Keddy is married and is employed in the American Woolen Company Mill in Skowhegan.

Thelma Linkletter (nee Lewis) is living in Harmony.

Feral Mizie (nee Philbrick) is living in Massachusetts.

Florence Beaulier (nee Marble) is living in Harmony.

Marshall Willis is married and lives in Athens.

Class of 1927

Inez Barrows (deceased).

Beatrice Page (nee Carle) is employed in Bartlett's Woolen Mill, Harmony.

Emma Reed (nee Chadbourne) is living in Skowhegan.

Leslie Chadbourne is married and is living in Bangor.

Thelma Gunnerson (nee Clapp) at last reports was employed in a shoe factory in Candia, New Hampshire.

Hilda Liavitt (nee Cromwell) (deceased).

Alanson Curtis, Colby '31, is married and living in Concord, N. H. He is working in the asphalt division of the Standard Oil Company.

Eleanor Dore is manager of the Modern

Beauty Salon, 428A Adams Street, Dorchester, Massachusetts.

Malcolm Dore is married and is living in Boston, Massachusetts.

Donavan Marble, U. of M. '31, is employed by the State Highway Department in Augusta.

Ray Nickerson is employed in the Moccasin Shop in Bangor.

Class of 1926

Ralph Brown is married and is living in Harmony.

Bertha Brown (nee Spaulding) is employed at the Bartlett's Woolen Mill, Harmony.

Ralph Johnson is married and lives in Everett, Massachusetts.

Marjorie Estey (nee McLaughlin), Colby '30, is employed at the Harmony Hosiery Company.

Geneva Cates (nee Reed) lives in Bingham.

Robert Stickney at last report was employed in a bank in Worcester, Mass.

Barbara Cahill (nee Taylor), Colby '30, is employed at R. H. Macy's Department Store in New York City.

Walter Tripp is married and lives in Harmony.

Viola Watson (nee Tripp) lives in Cambridge.

Class of 1925

Carleton Chadbourne is married and lives in Bangor.

Gladys Patenaude (nee Cooley) is living in New Sharon, Maine.

Christine Crosby is working in Skowhegan.

Lois Wilson (nee Linnel) is living in Mainstream.

Gilbert Rhoades, Bates '29, is married and is sub-master at Dow Academy, Franconia, N. H.

Amy Catnoir (nee Giggey) is living in Littleton, N. H.

Clara May Thibodeau (nee Giggey) is living in Bangor.

Julia Davis (nee Whitehouse) is living in Skowhegan.

Class of 1924

Ruth Brown is in Tilton, N. H.

Althea Campbell (deceased).

Lena Peabody (nee Linnel) is living in Dixmont.

Class of 1923

Orrin Cilley is married and is farming in Harmony.

Byron Clough is married and is overseer in the weaving room in the Beaver Brook Mills in Lowell, Massachusetts.

Class of 1922

Methyl Robinson (nee Flagg) is living in Harmony.

Alfred Tracy, Bates '27, is manager of an S. S. Kresge Store in Shenandoah, Pennsylvania.

Homer Johnson is married and is living in Harmony.

Marguerite Brown (nee Reed), Bates '26, is living in Berlin, N. H.

Lynn Herrick is employed in Malden, Mass.

Class of 1921

Mr. and Mrs. Kleba Willis (Doris Felker) are living in Harmony.

Daniel Downs is married and is living in Harmony.

Grace Merrill (nee Laughton) is living in Harmony.

Helen Ricker (nee Pike) is living in Wellington.

Josie Keener (nee Pike) is living in Reading, Penn.

Class of 1920

Vivian Stafford (nee Bane) lives in Cornville and is teaching at the South Road School.

Class of 1918

Hildred Newhouse (nee Conroy) lives in Pittsfield.

Doris Kent (nee Cooley) is living in Benton, Maine.

Lena Mayo (nee Cooley) is living in Hastings-On-Hudson, New York.

Victor Reed, Bates '22, is married and is principal of the High School at Smyrna Mills.

Class of 1917

Minor Cooley is in business with his father in Harmony.

Thelma Rogers (nee Cooley) is living in North Anson, Maine.

Linwood Magoon is farming in Harmony.

Class of 1915

Virgil Campbell is married and lives in Mainstream.

Clifton McSorley at last report was in Venezuela, S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. Orwood Whitehouse (Ethel Lewis) are living in Skowhegan.

Preston Chadbourne is married and is farming in Harmony.

Class of 1913

Myron Bemis is married and conducts his Undertaking Business in Harmony.

A. Hugh Rowell is married and is living in Harmony.

Samuel Willis is living in Waterville.

Class of 1912

Albra Chadbourne (nee Foss) is living in Harmony.

Alumni Editor, Eleanor Lombard, '38

Compliments of

A FRIEND

Waterville Real Estate Exchange

EDWARD TAGUE, Owner and Manager

Maine's largest real estate agency that is specializing in farm property.
All kinds of property handled in every part of Maine.

Property listed free and your inquiries invited.

195 Main St.

Waterville, Maine

Opposite Post Office

Waterville Mercantile Agency

EDWARD TAGUE, Owner and Manager

195 Main St.

Waterville, Maine

Opposite Post Office

DOES ANYONE OWE YOU MONEY?

WE COLLECT ALL KINDS OF ACCOUNTS

Mortgages Bought and Sold

SMALL LOANS MADE

Quick and Confidential Service

LET US HELP YOU

Compliments of
Harmony
Hosiery Company

Compliments of
D. C. HERRICK

Harmony

Maine

We Specialize In
SCHOOL PRINTING



WRITE FOR PRICES

Pittsfield Advertiser, Inc.
PITTSFIELD, MAINE

Compliments of

The Waterville Fruit Co.

Walker's Flower Shop

Open Day and Night, Summer and Winter

Pittsfield

Maine

Compliments of

WADDINGTON'S STUDIO

Skowhegan

Maine

DON'T THINK FOR HOURS
SAY IT WITH FLOWERS
South Main Street Greenhouse
Cut Flowers and Floral Designs
at short notice
Potted Plants and Seedlings

Mrs. Ann Foss

Proprietor

Guilford, Maine

Telephone 74-11

ROOMS and MEALS

at

RIVERSIDE INN

EVA J. FURBUSH

Harmony

Maine

C. F. Cooley & Son

Beef, Sea Foods and General Merchandise

Member of I. G. A.

ALSO TEXACO GAS AND OILS

Harmony

Maine

Compliments of

C. E. BEAULIER

Harmony

Maine

Compliments of

Fox's Transportation

Harmony

Maine

Compliments of

Merrill & Merrill

Skowhegan

Maine

Compliments of

V. J. Campbell

Harmony

Maine

Compliments of
W. H. Fowlie

Harmony

Maine

Compliments of
Leland A. Hurd

Harmony

Maine

Compliments of
C. B. Rhodes

Dealer in Live Stock
Milch Cows a Specialty

Harmony

Maine

M. J. BEMIS

Undertaker and Funeral Director

Harmony

Maine

CAMBRIDGE GARAGE

ROBERT N. BUNKER, Prop.

General Repairing --- Tydol Gas and Oils

Cambridge

Tel. 16-12

Maine

Compliments of
Mrs. E. A. Pattee

Dry and Fancy Goods --- Ladies' and Gent's Furnishings

Harmony

Maine

H. A. Bartlett

Manufacturers of

High Grade Woolen Yarns

Harmony

Maine

Compliments of

A. M. Bailey & Son

Dealers in

FLOUR AND WIRTHMORE FEED

GROCERIES

Distributors of

ESSO PRODUCTS

Including Gasoline, Kerosene and Motor Oils

Harmony

Phone 17

Maine

Compliments of

Strand Theatre

Skowhegan

Maine

Compliments of

A. G. CROCKETT

Plumbing, Heating and Roofing

Guilford Maine

C. F. BRALEY

Eyes Tested Lenses Made
Frames Fitted and Repaired
Lenses Replaced while you Wait
But Bring the Pieces

PHILCO RADIOS

Guilford Maine

Just One Best

TYDOL

Dexter Maine

Leighton's Barber Shop

Be Sure to Call on

Mondays, Fridays, and
Saturdays

Harmony Maine

Compliments of

H. L. GOODRICH

FERTILIZER POTATOES—TABLE AND SEED

Place Orders Early for Certified Unit Seed, Cobblers and Mountains

Tel. 18-2 *Virgil E. Goodrich, Local Agent*

Used Auto Parts, Tires
Batteries and Used Cars

Alton Boynton

Dover Road
Dexter

Tel. 76-21
Maine

SPENCER

Corsets, Girdles, Brassieres,
Belts, Surgical Corsets
We Create a Design Especially
FOR YOU

Mrs. Ethel W. Fox

Registered Spencer Corsetiere
Harmony Maine

Nora B. Fanjoy

Frederic and Zotos
PERMANENT WAVES
Beauty Culture and Chiropody
Dexter Maine

Compliments of

Dr. Stephen W. Frey

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN

Skowhegan Maine

THE PREBLE STUDIO

O. K. Bradbury

68 Main Street
PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHY
COLORING IN OILS

Waterville, Maine
COMMERCIAL ENLARGING
FRAMING

Old Pictures Copied and Restored

Compliments of
Young's Greenhouse

Tel. 114
Dexter Maine

Compliments of
L. E. Kelly

DENTIST

Dexter Maine

Guilford Variety Store

5c to \$1.00

Guilford

Maine

CROSLEY RADIOS
WASHING MACHINES
REFRIGERATORS
U. S. TIRES

Benett's Garage

Guilford

Maine

FAY & SCOTT

Machine Shops and Foundry

Manufacturers of the Well Known Line of
METAL AND WOOD WORKING LATHES
BUILDERS OF SPECIAL MACHINERY

Jobbing of Every Description

Dexter

Maine

Compliments of

GUILFORD TRUST CO.

Guilford

Maine

Watson's Market

MEATS, GROCERIES
PRODUCE

308 Madison Avenue

Skowhegan

Maine

Compliments of

Crockett's Bakery

Guilford

Maine

TIMELY CLOTHES

See Our Complete Stock of Graduation Clothes for Young Men
and Women

KORITSKY'S

Dexter

Maine

Compliments of
M. C. Tilton, Mgr.
A. & P. STORE
S. W. Water Street

Skowhegan

Maine

F. L. HASELTINE
Growers of
FLOWER and VEGETABLE
PLANT SEEDLINGS
Sold in Harmony by
Reed & Co.

P. E. WARD & Co.

COMPLETE HOMEFURNISHERS

FURNITURE

RADIOS

REFRIGERATORS

Dover-Foxcroft, Maine

Largest Selection of fine Furniture, Frigidaire Refrigerators,
Philco Radios, Maytag Washers, Simmons Beddings, etc., in this
part of the State. Free Delivery in Harmony. USE our CREDIT
PLAN.

Harmony is only 24 miles from Dover-Foxcroft over good roads.

THE FULLER DRUG STORE

W. G. Lord, Prop.

25 Madison Avenue

Skowhegan, Maine

Haskell & Corthell
Men's and Women's
COMPLETE OUTFITTERS

Camden, Me. Dover-Foxcroft, Me.

Compliments of
FARRAR'S
Furniture Store

Pittsfield

Maine

D. C. Hamlin

Dealer in
PULPWOOD

Harmony

Maine

Skowhegan
Monumental Works

GERALD C. MARBLE

W. D. Sargent & Co.

SHEET METAL WORKERS
HEATING AND PLUMBING
WATER SYSTEMS

Skowhegan

Maine

Compliments of
BEAULIER'S
CLOTHING STORE

Skowhegan

Maine

PISCATAQUIS
SAVINGS BANK

Dover-Foxcroft

Maine

A MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK

Bow Ring Kennels

Registered American Kennel
Club

Springer Spaniels of Quality

Dover-Foxcroft

Maine

Compliments of

J. R. Philbrick

OPTOMETRIST

Skowhegan

Maine

E. W. Simpson

BARBER SHOP

Call for a demonstration of
The Cusley Vervac Hair Grower

46 Water Street

Skowhegan

Compliments of

Dr. P. E. Lessard

OPTOMETRIST

Tel. 47-2

Skowhegan

Maine

ROLLER SKATING

AT SKOWHEGAN

Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. Nights
And Saturday Afternoons

CORNMEAL DANCE

Every Saturday Night

No Extra Charge

7 until 11. 2 until 5. 11 until 12

E. L. CLOUGH

Bowman Hardware Company

EVERYTHING TO BUILD A HOUSE WITH
PAINTS, OILS, DOORS, WINDOWS, ETC., SPORTING GOODS
Electrical Supplies, Stoves, Crockery, Steel Ceilings, Plumbing
and Heating.

Skowhegan

Tel. 244

Maine

Sales

Service

(RADIO)

Somerset Radio Shop

CHAS. C. HASELTINE, Prop.

145 Water Street

TEL. 186-2

New Bedford

Mass.

New Modern Equipment

Expert Workmanship

Companions of

SPRING STREET GREENHOUSE

Charlotte H. Welby, Prop.

TEL. 185-8

Water

Mass.

Phone Gifford 37 - Public Users

L. J. Adams

Gas Station

TYDOL

GASOLINE

Motor

VEEDOL

MOTOR OILS

MADDOCK'S

CANDY

MEALS

ICE CREAM

EVERYTHING HOME MADE

125 State Street

New Bedford

Companions of

Dr. H. B. DAWSON

DENTIST

South Street

Mass.

Companions of

LaFond's

The Store for
WOMEN AND CHILDREN

New Bedford

Mass.

CRANE'S

A QUALITY DEPARTMENT
STORE

New Bedford

Mass.

Expert Repairing - Precious Setting
JEWELRY

The Gift That Lasts

L. J. ENO

JEWELER

GRADUATION WATCHES

Easy Terms - Cash for Old Gold

Water Street

TEL. 184-2

New Bedford

Mass.

We Make Our Own Ice Cream
Try our ICE CREAM DONUTS

LINDSEY'S

Winslow Sebasticook Bridge Maine

Compliments of
**NEW
SKOWHEGAN HOUSE**

L. T. Audet, Prop.
Skowhegan Maine

Compliments of
Thomas Motor Co.

Madison Avenue
Skowhegan Maine

Compliments of
Dr. D. M. O'Brien
DENTIST

Guilford Maine

Skowhegan Savings Bank

Skowhegan Maine

Savings Accounts Only

Compliments of
The First National Bank
Of Skowhegan

Members of Federal Reserve System and Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation.

Compliments of
Myron Reed
AMERICAN OIL CO.

Madison Avenue
Skowhegan Maine

Compliments of
Geo. M. Davis
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Skowhegan Maine

STERN'S
"Maine's Greatest Value Givers"
Home of
DOUGLAS SHOES
VON HEUSEN SHIRTS
EMERSON HATS
CURLEE CLOTHES

Skowhegan Maine

Compliments of
Pete Debe
Home Cooked Foods DRINKS
ICE CREAM CANDIES
Hot Dogs Dynamites

By the Railroad Tracks
Skowhegan Maine

Compliments of
Dr. Leon W. Symons
OPTOMETRIST

Skowhegan Maine

Compliments of
Dr. S. M. Gower
DENTIST

Skowhegan Maine

Smith & Clark, Inc.

Williams Oil-O-Matic Oil Burners Range and Fuel Oils
Distributors of
GULF PETROLEUM PRODUCTS
Call Skowhegan 38
For Further Information

Skowhegan

Maine

PHOTOS OF DISTINCTION
CHILD PORTRAITS

A Speciality

Upton's Studio

Located on Main Street
Dexter Maine

Compliments of

Darrell R. Dunton

LANCEY HOUSE

Pittsfield Maine

FOR SUMMER AND WINTER COMFORT

The Bijou Theatre

PITTSFIELD

Is Now Insulated with Chamberlain Rock Wool Insulation

Compliments of

First National Bank of Pittsfield

Pittsfield, Maine

SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

CHECKING ACCOUNTS

Member Federal Reserve Bank and Federal Dept. Ins. Corp.

B. J. Folsom

AGRICULTURAL
IMPLEMENTS AND REPAIRS

Harmony

Maine

Compliments of

D. B. Whitney & Son

Cambridge

Maine

A. R. Burton & Son

HARDWARE

DUPONT PAINTS
WALL PAPER

OILS
GOLD SEAL RUGS

KYANNIZE PAINTS
KITCHEN WARE

FIRST QUALITY ROOFING

Hartland

Maine

Compliments of

A. H. Rowell

Harmony

Maine

HARTLAND HARDWARE

H. E. RANDLETT, Prop.

FARM MACHINERY and REPAIRS

Phone 1-2

Hartland

Maine

W. A. Taylor Insurance Agency

MAKE YOUR CAR A REAL PLEASURE CAR

Enjoy the peace of mind of knowing that, even if you should have an accident your property, your hopes for future years, the pleasures and comforts of your family will always be safeguarded against a jury's verdict. This alone is worth many times the cost of PROPERTY DAMAGE and PUBLIC LIABILITY INSURANCE.

25 Main Street

Pittsfield, Maine

Telephone 165-3

